

PRISONER TO A GIRL

[Copyright, 1904, by T. C. McClure.]
I was scouting along the front of Lee's army to pick up information for General Grant, and on this particular day I had approached what I thought was an abandoned farmhouse that I might get a drink of water from the well. The front door stood partly open, and that was one of my reasons for believing the place was deserted.

As I reached the door I looked in and saw furniture and at once realized that some one must be living there. I was hesitating what to do when the door of an inner room opened and a girl about twelve years old stood before me. She was poorly clad, and hands and face were not overclean, but her eyes shone with intelligence, and her expression was pleasing.

"What do you want?" she asked after we had surveyed each other for a minute.

"Something to eat, and I will pay you for it," I replied. "If you will give me the gourd I will get a drink of water."

"But father is away, and I am all alone, and you are a Yankee."

"Well, what of that? I shan't hurt you."

She looked me over from head to foot and no doubt wondered how I got there and what my errand was. I leaned against the door and smiled at her, but the pleasant look left her face, and she tightened her lips as if she had come to some decided conclusion about something. I thought she was going to turn me away, but after awhile she slowly said:

"You will find a gourd at the well, and I will get you something to eat."

I went out and satisfied my thirst and then re-entered the house and sat down at the rude table in the kitchen where the meal was served. She brought some milk and some corn bread and cold meat.

I did my best as I ate to engage her in conversation, but she either answered in monosyllables or not at all. She knew all about the war, young as she was, and, being southern born, it was not to be expected that she would give me a very cordial welcome. I could and did make allowance for this, and when I found that she was sullen and uncommunicative I ceased to annoy her with questions. When my cup was empty she took it down cellar to refill it. I heard her moving about down there and heard her ascend the stairs, and, though she did not immediately reappear, I did not raise my eyes.

A minute later, however, she spoke, and my eyes lifted fast enough. She was standing in the door between the kitchen and the front room, and she had a shotgun leveled at my breast from a distance of only ten feet.

"Yankee, you are my prisoner!"

"What do you mean?" I asked as I rested an elbow on the table and stared at her in surprise.

"Just what I said, sir. You are my prisoner, and if you don't do just as I say I will shoot you. Stand up!"

"Don't be foolish, child," I said as I stood up and smiled at her. "That gun isn't loaded, and even if it was you would not dare to fire it off. Put it away and hand me the milk. I am going to give you the silver half dollar when I am through eating."

"The gun is loaded, and I'll shoot!" she exclaimed, though her voice betrayed that she was somewhat frightened. "Do as I tell you or I will fire. Go into the pantry!"

My revolver was in his holster under my coat, and I knew that the girl would fire if I made a move to get it. It was absurd to let a child like her make me prisoner, and yet I was forced to realize that she was as dangerous as a man—perhaps more so. The result was that I backed up to the open door of the pantry, and as she advanced upon me I stepped into the little room, and she closed the door and fastened it with a button.

My idea was to escape by the window before she could get out and around the house, but I found the opening a small one and barred from the outside. I could not have escaped that way had I been alone in the house. Drawing my revolver, I fired through the door and made threats, but the girl's voice was firm and determined as she answered me:

"If you fire again I will shoot through the door, and there is a big load of buckshot in the gun."

I ceased and attempted to bribe, but she refused to hold any conversation with me. I hoped that she would leave the house to get help, in which case a couple of kicks would have sent the old door flying, but she sat down in the kitchen to act as guard until some one should come along.

It was almost noon before any one arrived, and then it was a squad of Confederate cavalry beating up the country in search of Federal scouts and spies. They were passing the house when the girl called them in, and as the sergeant opened my prison door and commanded me to step forth seven or eight others had their carbines leveled at me. They joked and gazed me not a little and had much to say in praise of the girl.

I was taken to Lee's headquarters to be questioned and later on was sent to Richmond, where I was confined in Libby prison.

Long after the war I revisited the farmhouse where I was so ignominiously captured. I found only an old man about, and of him I queried:

"Did you live here during the war?"

"I shoredly did, sah."

"Had you a daughter?"

"Yes, Nancy. She married two years ago, but has been dead for six months. She was a good girl, Nancy was. Right yere in this house when she was only twelve years old she captured the most daring spy in Grant's whole army."

M. QUAD.



MISS LYDIA J. FARRELL.

A Case of Dyspepsia.

Dyspepsia is caused by acute inflammation of the nerves of the stomach.

It is by nervous energy that the muscles of the stomach contract and expand, and the digestive fluids are secreted. The muscular walls of the stomach must be kept in vigorous action until the process of digestion is made complete.

The nerve fibres, like other tissues of the body, may become inflamed and diseased by neglect or other causes; then they must be nourished and their strength restored. It is when the nerve fibres are overstrained by worry of mind, overtaxing or neglect that they become exhausted and weak.

Dyspepsia is but one instance where the vital nerve force is necessary.

Discontent, ill-temper, low spirits, despondency, dizziness, sick headache, heartburn, palpitation of the heart, distension of the stomach, are some of the many forms that dyspepsia takes.

The true cure must be the restoration to strength of the nerves which govern the digestive organs.

MISS FARRELL'S CASE AN EXAMPLE OF THOUSANDS.

"I have been greatly benefited by the use of Paine's Celery Compound. Until I tried it I was a great sufferer from dyspepsia and constipation. I spent considerable money trying various preparations without success, until I tried the Compound. Before I completed the first bottle I noticed a change for the better, but I continued until I had taken six bottles in all, which effected an entire cure. I feel better to-day than I have at any period of my life. It affords me great pleasure to endorse Paine's Celery Compound." Lydia J. Farrell, 129 DeKalb Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., August 12, 1904.

Paine's Celery Compound is curing thousands of dyspeptics every day, in just this way. By feeding and restoring the nerves to their full strength. It never fails to cure.

Sick headache, palpitation, dizziness, and heartburn are usually relieved by a single dose of Paine's Celery Compound.

Remember this—Paine's Celery Compound is the prescription of one of the most famous physicians this country has ever known, and all reputable Druggists sell and recommend it.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO.,
BURLINGTON, VERMONT.

"AUTO LEGS" A DISEASE.

Latest Affliction Caused by Too Much Indulgence in Automobiling.

"Auto legs" is the latest and most fashionable affliction which human progress has developed, says a dispatch from Hartford, Conn., to the New York Evening World.

Medical science would call it atrophy of the muscles of the leg, superinduced by lack of exercise and the nerve deadening vibrations caused by the rapid movement of the horseless vehicle over rough ground. Overzealous devotees of the "devil wagon" are warned that if they do not walk more their legs will shrink and dwindle from disuse and will eventually become too weak to bear their weight.

In a gymnasium at Hartford the other day was a rich young man with thin muscular arms and body. While he painfully exercised his legs he said pathetically:

"My legs are wobbly. I have been riding in my auto all the time for three or four years. I have the habit. I have been either in the auto or asleep all these years. Now, my wife is not overfond of autoing. (The other evening she said she would like to take a walk. It was a new idea. I had not taken a walk for so long that it brought back the days of courtship. I grew sentimental. I told her I would be delighted. We started. The great full moon was shining. For a very short time I

was living over the old days, and she seemed very happy.

"But we had not walked half a mile before I wished we were home. I did not want to flunk, so I kept on, but my legs hurt me awfully. The muscles stung me as if they had been lashed, my knee joints kept dipping and bending involuntarily. I tried to be gay and buoyant, but I made a dismal failure, for all the time I realized that I had gone back to a point where walking was impossible practically.

"The next morning I got a bottle of alcohol and liniment and rubbed my aching legs as I had not done since I played football. Then I got out my auto, rode to the gymnasium and paid my fee for a year. And here I am making the effort of my life to get my legs strong enough to carry me when I need to use them."

COLLEGE GIRLS IN POLITICS.

Both Parties Running Campaigns With Spellbinders and Band.

Vassar college students are trying the experiment of having a presidential election, says a special dispatch from Poughkeepsie to the New York Times. They have all the machinery in operation according to the election laws, have appointed campaign committees, established headquarters and have a quota of spellbinders and ward workers out soliciting votes.

Miss Hazel Straight, '05, of Oswego is chairman of the Republican committee, and Miss Charlotte Warner, '05, of New York is chairman of the Democratic committee. The college has been divided into wards and subdivided into election districts, and over 900 students have registered.

Republican stump speakers, dressed as nearly like workmen as skirts will allow, have been making some weird appeals for votes, and their Democratic sisters, not to be outdone, have organized a band and through music have endeavored to inject enthusiasm into the campaign.

Bright Flowers and Birds.
An aged resident of Bar Harbor, Me., says that since the gardens of the summer visitors have been planted to nasturtiums, gladioluses, salvia and other bright flowers, the number of humming birds has increased more than tenfold.

Panama.

Panama, little as it looks upon the map, has the area of Maine.

SEEING THE FAIR IN DETAIL

Reserve Stock of Crowns For
the Monarchs of Europe

DISPLAYED IN GLASS CASE

The Grand Prize for Veris-Martin Furniture Comes to United States at
Last—A Work Table That Would
Turn Work to a Play.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY
MARK BENNETT.]

The burning desire to wear a crown has cost many a man his head in the dismal past, and to look at kingly headgear has been for ages the delight of a truckling populace. In this democratic country the exhibit of the crowns of European monarchies excites interesting comment. This regal bric-a-brac is displayed in a large case in the jewelry section of the Palace of Varied Industries, not far from the south middle entrance. They are very rich and beautiful jewels, notwithstanding the barbaric nonsense which they suggest. Nero, the worst of the lot, if history does him justice, had a simple wreath of metallic leaves. Even Napoleon had the bacillus crownus, but made no innovations as to style. The Empress Josephine wore a dainty affair with plenty of jewels and not much gold. Two of the crowns appear without title. Shun shows the most radical style, the crown having a lofty central spire that would be much in the way for everyday wear. The orb of Japan is a blazing gold sun with a big central jewel. The Russian crown has an uncomfortable look just now. Of course these crowns are not the originals, but might serve the purpose of a reserve stock in case of an emergency.

American furniture makes no apologies to any other country. It has just won the grand prize away from France with its Veris-Martin furniture. This is a distinguishing honor. The jury comprised six Americans, two Frenchmen, two Italians and two Germans. The Veris-Martin is the pictorial furniture in French patterns, usually with gold groundwork and bulging panels bearing festal scenes. Beribboned boys and girls dance down the panels most joyously. Ladies in rich evening gowns sit upon rural landscapes, while gentlemen with powdered hair and bright costumes lean over them and play gently the mandolin. Princes stroll in palace gardens, cherubs carry on the grape harvest, and a lady sits gracefully in a shell and catches a lapful of roses thrown to her by winged babies in the bush—all these in the prize taking French tables and cabinets.

Lady Blessington's mahogany work table has eight compartments under the octagonal lid, and I'm sure work must be a luxury and a delight, as all work should be, at such a table as this. But Lady Blessington is not overworked, for this suggests only the dainty toil of embroidering a tidy or darning a few family stockings during spare moments. It is one of the rich things in the American furniture exhibit in the Palace of Varied Industries. Here, too, is a grandfather's clock that must have belonged to a very rich grandfather. A little boy stood before it and exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, see that clock! It must be worth a million dollars!" Above the face of the clock is the face of the man in the moon looking from behind two blue hemispheres that represent the earth and its movements with reference to the moon. The price is no doubt in strict harmony with its handsome, truthful face and shapely hands.

If I were to criticize the American exhibit I would say that it runs too much to mahogany. We want something besides pie for dinner and something besides roses in our garden. Mahogany is a luxury, therefore let's keep it in the luxury class, even for exposition purposes. To be sure, it is here in endless forms, from taborettes to expansion bookcases, plain, carved, inlaid and gilded, but mahogany is all the while. A few things of oak relieve the situation somewhat, and the machine that makes bed springs in a neighboring alcove also produces a machine made noise that lolls to silence the restive tongue. The surroundings are all that save the exhibit from monotony.

Kentucky has done the trick of capturing twenty-two medals in her forestry exhibit. This fact implies no small degree of cleverness on the part

EXAMINE YOUR DENTIFRICE

Acid and grit, deadliest enemies of the teeth, abound in cheap dentifrices. Fine perfumes do not make fine dentifrices. Your teeth deserve better of you than to be offered up a sacrifice to your pocketbook.

SOZODONT

Is of proven value. Sixty years is a pretty good test. No acid, no grit in Sozodont. The Liquid penetrates the little crevices and purifies them; the Powder gives a bright and polished surface.

3 FORMS: LIQUID, POWDER, PASTE.



Miss Rose Peterson, Secretary
Parkdale Tennis Club, Chicago, from experience advises all young girls who have pains and sickness peculiar to their sex, to use
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

How many beautiful young girls develop into worn, listless and hopeless women, simply because sufficient attention has not been paid to their physical development. No woman is exempt from physical weakness and periodic pain, and young girls just budding into womanhood should be carefully guided physically as well as morally.

If you know of any young lady who is sick, and needs motherly advice, ask her to write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., who will give her advice free, from a source of knowledge which is unequalled in the country. Do not hesitate about stating details which one may not like to talk about, and which are essential for a full understanding of the case.

Miss Hannah E. Mershon, Collingswood, N. J., says:

"I thought I would write and tell you that, by following your kind advice, I feel like a new person. I was always thin and delicate, and so weak that I could hardly do anything. Menstruation was irregular."

"I tried a bottle of your Vegetable Compound and began to feel better right away. I continued its use, and am now well and strong, and menstruate regularly. I cannot say enough for what your medicine did for me."

How Mrs. Pinkham Helped
Fannie Kumpfe.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it is my duty to write and tell you of the benefit I have derived from your advice and the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The pains in my back and womb have all left me, and my menstrual trouble is corrected. I am very thankful for the good advice you gave me, and I shall recommend your medicine to all who suffer from female weakness."—Miss FANNIE KUMPF, 1922 Chester St., Little Rock, Ark. (Dec. 16, 1900.)

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will cure any woman in the land who suffers from womb troubles, inflammation of the ovaries, kidney troubles, nervous excitability, nervous prostration, and all forms of woman's special ills.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.
Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

of "Old Kaintuck." The first of the five gold medals was for the exhibit as a whole, and the rest of the yellow medallions were given for such commonplaces as hickory handles, of which 4,000 kinds are produced; boxes, buckets, spokes, wheel yokes, singletrees and split wood pulleys. The silver medals were for a log wagon loaded with oak logs, shipping crates, boat oars, carriage woodwork, hubs, specimens of lumber, a post hole auger and a fishing reel. Manufactured articles of wood from Kentucky find a market in every part of the world where civilization has a foothold, making up an important part of our magnificent export trade. Such facts as these give new meaning to trade figures that otherwise would seem dry and uninteresting.

Late Hours and Long Life.
A statistician affirms that the majority of people who attain old age have kept late hours. Eight out of ten who reach the age of eighty have never gone to bed till after 12 o'clock at night.

Deep Sea Fish.

Deep sea fish make their own light by phosphorescence and have telescopic eyes.

GOOD IN PIES, CAKES, PUDDINGS AND COOKIES
NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT
In 2-Pie 10c Packages with List of Valuable Premiums.
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The Ice Cream season is over except on orders, but we are still making that Fancy Creamery Butter which pleases so many people. Have you tried it?

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L. B. DODGE, Proprietor.

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"I find Cascarets so good that I would not be without them. I was troubled a great deal with torpid liver and headache. Now since taking Cascarets Candy Cathartic I feel very much better. I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as the best medicine I have ever seen."

Anna Bostine, Osborn Mill No. 2, Fall River, Mass.

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Best for
The Bowels
CANDY CATHARTIC
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Grip. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine boxes stamped C.C.C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.
Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N.Y. for
ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES